MAY
NUMBER
1911

THE EGYPTIAN STUDENT

Published Monthly by the Students of the
Southern Collegiate Institute.
Albion, Illinois.

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THE EGYPTIAN STUDENT

Vol. 4, No. 8 May, 1911

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Hooray! Hooray!
The pink and the gray!
Though our numbers are few,
To the S. C. I. we're always found true
Ra! Ra! Ray!
Ra! Ra! Ray!
Hooray! Hooray! the pink and gray!

THE TOWN OF MAIDEN

Laura Hines

Mr. Kettlestrings was seated in a Dixie flyer, quietly reading a newspaper, when he feit a sharp slap on his shoulder, and heard a familiar voice. Giving a quick glance around, he recognized his college chum of good old Oberlin days.

"Why Fred, where have you been keeping yourself these last few years," asked Mr. Kettlestrings.

"Anywhere I happened to be, and with my wife," laughed Goodniville.

"Your wife? Who said you were married? It must be one of your dreams," spoke Mr. Kettlestrings thinking of his former chum's dreamy habits.

"No sir, I have a wife. She's as sweet as yours; been married two years."

"Well old chap, tell me all about it. I knew you'd be a rich man, but never dreamed of you as a benedict."

"You thought wrong alright. My story is a little strange. You see I was salesman for men's clothing then, and they sent me south to take in all the towns, and some how it was my luck to have heard of the fascinating town, Maiden. As I got off at this place the conductor smiled and said, 'I hope you enjoy yourself.' It never struck me what that man meant until I was inside the depot, for the agent was a young woman, rather pretty, with fair hair and brown eyes. There was something in her face, with which I was familiar. I thought I would speak, but when I had screwed up my courage to the speaking point, she was busy, so I went on. I got my necessary information, then went to find my way to a hotel. Never was I more thunderstruck than when I saw on the box of the coach, a woman in uniform."

At this point Mr. Goodniville paused and seemed to be listening intently; finally Mr. Kettlestrings broke the silence.

"What's the matter, did she knock you down?"

"No—no but it seems to me I can hear a baby crying."

"I don't hear anything, you are dreaming again," laughed Mr. Kettlestrings. "Go on with your tale."

"A satisfactory room was given me at a small hotel. They sure had good eatables, as good as mother's. And would you believe it? I sat down to dinner with a dozen women. The meal was about half finished when we heard music not far away. At this, the women all began to speak at once and rush out of doors. I of course followed the crowd.

Here came a large parade all made up of maids. A large band consisting of twenty-five girls dressed in blue, and behind them a very stately lady, riding on the finest piece of horse flesh I ever laid eyes on. There were all sorts of things that belonged to a circus, only the men were wanting, all but me. Among the cow girls I noticed the little station agent perched upon a western pony. It seemed as if I ought to know her. I was sure I'd seen her before. I found that there was to be a circus performance that very night."

Here he seemed to be listening and his face looked troubled.

"I hear that baby crying again. I'm sure he must be crying for his daddie."

"Go on with your story. Don't mind the baby." But yet Mr. Kettlestrings wondered.

"That afternoon I tried to sell suits to some women for their sons, but no one had a son. It just struck me that there wasn't a married woman in town."

"On my rounds I went to the depot to inquire about getting out of the town. I had no more than stepped inside the door, when the little agent came forward, held out her hand and said, "I am so glad to see you Mr. Goodniville; we haven't met

for five years, since Kate's house party. Am I right?"

"At the mention of the house party, it all came back to me. Jule Thorn was the prettiest and liveliest girl there, and for a few short days, she and I carried on the good natured flirtation usual to house parties.

"Miss Thorn!" I exclaimed, gladly taking her hand. And then I made some inane remarks about being glad to see her. But my curiosity had been developing all day, and here was the chance for explanation.

"What sort of a town is this, and how do you happen to be here?" I asked.

"This town? Why this is a woman's town, its organization and purpose is a dead secret. No men allowed. As to why I am here—" and she paused and looked mischievous, then resumed, "curiosity I guess. I heard of the place and wanted to know what it was like. I've been here three months and will remain the rest of my life, as far as I know."

"Not if I can help it." I thought.

"Well, what was all that parade for this afternoon? Is there going to be a circus tonight?" I queried.

"Yes, a circus of women. Every feat, even to the clowns performed by women."

By this time I had grown bold, and I immediately asked if she would go with me to the circus.

"No," and she looked so shocked. "I would be breaking the rules if I went with a man anywhere. The women of this town would fire me. When I came here I promised to have nothing to do with a man as long as I stayed here. It is against the rule for a man to stay over night in this town, so you'd better leave on the five thirty train this evening. I'm sorry, but I can't go." She spoke with firmness.

My heart sank and I know I had a look of disappointment on my face, as I went to fix my trunks for leaving.

"Let me look at your suits," she said. I showed her some and noticed that she always measured them up to herself. Finally she came to one that seemed to suit her.

"I'll take it," she said and laid down her money. I tried to make her a present of the suit, but she would not accept it.

"What are you going to do with it? Do you need it in the circus? I suppose of course you are going to perform?" I asked.

"Oh I just want one," she evasively answered. "No, I am not in the circus tonight but of course I'm going."

That looked suspicious to me, so I just thought I'd stay around and see what would happen. So I missed my train on purpose, knowing I could get another at nine. I wanted to see what she was up to.

That night the circus grounds were lighted brilliantly. I was standing in the shadow when I beheld another young man on the outskirts of the grounds. He was trying his very best to arrest the attention of the young girls as they passed by, but the girls seemed to be afraid of receiving his advances, though some took a second look at him. He seemed to be enjoying himself. He would laugh when the girls acted as if they were afraid and didn't know what to make of it. I went a little closer and there was the very suit I sold to Jule, on this man. I went up still closer and recognized the face of Jule Thorn. I touched her lightly on the shoulder. She looked frightened and screamed.

"That's a pretty way for a man to act," I said. "Be careful or you'll give yourself away."

Just at that moment there was a commotion at the entrance, and the stately lady of the circus parade, with a bunch of women following, started in our direction. We got away from there at once, and when we were safe I ventured to speak once more.

"What were you up to, Miss Thorn?" I asked. "I'm surprised that you would do such a trick as that.

"Well, there wasn't to be anybody but women here and I thought I'd have some fun, and I certainly would

(Continued on page 129)

A COLLEGE TRICK

Bessie Smith

"Professor Trent's exams grow harder all the time" said Glenn Harper, as he emerged from a class room door and joined a small group of classmates, in the hall. "The one today was just——," here he stopped as if unable to find words to describe its unfairness, and resorted to frowns and wild gestures to express his opinion of the matter. "Don't you think so, Ma't?"

"Yes" acquiesced the jolly-faced individual addressed. "Solomon himself would flunk that, I've no doubt, and Professor Trent has just received a large box of new reference books; they are in the library now waiting for a place to be made for them," and with a final grimace he stepped backward and took his place against the wall.

"I say, fellows, it's about time we scare up something. There hasn't been anything doing for a millennium," put in Harper. Someone suggest something quick."

At this, a tall and confident looking personage stepped forward with an air of importance; and well he might, for whenever any fun was mentioned all eyes invariably turned to David Garney.

"I'll tell you," he began, "Let's carry Prof. Trent's new books up to the fourth floor and hide them. We owe him one anyway for this exam. We can come tonight and open this window and get in. Come early, though, for it may take work. The building is always locked, but we will manage some way."

The plan met with instant approval, and, after a few more minutes of eager conversation, the boys separated with subdued laughter and whispered comment.

No sooner had the outer door closed than the figure of a scholarly looking gentleman slipped from the door of Professor Trent's room and, with a look of deep amusement on his face, passed noiselessly across the hall. Pausing deliberately before the window specified for the boys' entrance he carefully removed the fastenings and then with a smile of satisfaction and anticipation he walked away.

As the clock in the hall pointed out the hour of eight, a group of excited boys made their way to the building. The window was easily raised without the aid of tools and they entered stealthily. They were forced to feel their way along the hall, for a light might mean discovery. Their footsteps, no matter how softly they tried to walk, echoed loudly through the silent rooms and even the whispers of the boys sounded frightfully distinct. Then Harper stumbled over a chair and the crash that followed seemed loud enough to arouse the entire faculty, now sleeping soundly a block away.

"Whoever heard of a chair out here anyway?" growled Harper as he laboriously picked himself up from the floor.

At last the library was reached. The boys fumed and scolded, groping helplessly in the dark. There was only one box in the room, though there were chairs and corners of tables in abundance. "This must be the box we want," said David, "for there is no other. But is is so large; if it contains books, pity us!"

Some of the boys carried the box; the rest walked ahead to clear the way of obstructions, and to relieve their companions when they grew tired, for the box was heavy. Several times they encountered sundry pieces of furniture in the most unusual places, but at last they reached the third floor and stopped to recover from their exhaustion.

Let's leave it here and go no farther," suggested the fellow addressed as Matt. "We won't be able to study tomorrow if we go on."

David scorned the idea. "To stop,"

he said, "would be a failure, a coming short of our aims and who would be willing to do that? I am going to the fourth floor—only one more, anyway—if I have to carry the box alone."

The boys evidently were merciful enough to remove the necessity of this, for they again picked up the box and began to climb the last flight of stairs.

"Set the box down here, fellows," commanded David, as he began prying open the door of an unused room. "We'll just put it in here, and it will be a happy day when the professor finds it."

Just then a sharp noise, as of pounding, came from the innocent looking box, which caused the boys to involuntarily step back, and, if it had not been so dark, to cast glances of surprise and inquiry at each other.

Before they recovered from their surprise, the lid was raised and Prof. Trent climbed out and began to light a lantern. "Boys," he said, "I have enjoyed this joke immensely, and thank you for the ride."

The boys looked sheepishly at each other, and at Professor Trent, then joined with their teacher in a hearty and ringing laugh. If any of the intended boasting was done the next day, I think it must have been done by the professor.

Among the social events of the year that we shall look back upon with greatest pleasure, was a reception given by the S. C. I., in honor of the teachers of the public school and high school pupils. Much credit is due to the entertainment committee for the program provided. Violin solos were given by Miss Root, Mr. Allen and Mr. White, readings by Misses Florence Spiller and Bernadine Strawn, a vocal selection by Misses Claggett and Myrtle and Hallie Strawn and piano solos by Mr. White. In the contest for the best essay written by a girl on "How to Harness a Horse," Miss Ruth Briggs won the prize and for the best on "How to Make Cake, Pie and Fudge," by a boy, Mr. Virgil Bowman of the Senior class of the high school won. Refreshment consisting of sherbet and wafers were served.

—✦—

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails.—Hunter.

—✦—

Every person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives tohimself.—Gibbon.

Rev. Bast, of the Congregational church, addressed the students Thursday morning, April 27, on "The Opportunities of Woman." His discussion of the subject was very helpful as well as interesting.

—✦—

As a result of the contest between the boys and the girls in the gathering of votes for the piano contest, the boys were successful and made their demands upon the losers for a sociable. The request will probably be complied with in the near future.

—✦—

It has been hinted that, as a result of the study of Porto Rico in the Girl's Mission Study Class, some of our girls are planning to become Porto Rican farmers sometime in the uncertain future. They are probably attracted by the wonderful ease and freedom from care of the life on the island. For particulars apply to Maud Boudinot, Grace Rich or Miss Strawn.

—✦—

"Education is the connecting link between ability and opportunity."

—✦—

The greatness of an occupation is measured by its possibilities.

WHERE IS THE ANSWER?

Grace L. Rich

From the time the inquiring eyes of the babe begin to look upon the world he is one large interrogation mark. Life to him is a new proposition, something untried—something to fear.

Life to him as he grows older is a series of stormy and bright moods, so trivial to the mere spectator, but a real tragedy to the child. The loss of a cherished toy, the death of an almost human pet (for with children the brute seems to have an almost equal intelligence). These seemingly insignificant trifles make up his world of joy and sorrow. It is his personal comfort to be considered always.

Again when the years seem to the youthful heart to be bearing down heavily, again comes the question to the intellect, to the voice, to the eyes—what is life? From what does that magic spark come? Where does it go? And most important of all—of what does life consist? Is it a mere dream, parts of it pleasant, part a horrid fear? Is it a delusion, or is it the opportunity of good and helpful deeds?

Many have tried to answer this question in their own way, and every one must answer it to himself alone, in the face of the fact that down through the corridors of time have come philosophers with grave lips and deep eyes, who have offered a rejected theory to mankind. They had gone to the fascinating courts of science and uncovered there some unknown gems of knowledge and sought with these to solve the question.

Men have pored over the infinite boundary of the universe, seeking the answer among the stars.

Poets have gone to the elusive wilds of nature's own kingdom and from the lessons found there have sought to help in solving the mystery.

Yet Diogenes with all his theory—Socrates, Plato and Aristotle leave but half formed facts.

The poets have touched on many of the real factors of life yet no one can be said to have really answered the question with satisfaction for all.

Some, turn to other lives for inspiration and from these lives come the waves of feeling which cause a vibration of the taut strung harp of the heart.

The maid and the man play this harp together and they name the melody of love "Life." But a too tense strand is broken, then is discord. Yet the music does not cease, but continues in two separate strains. Perhaps with a minor chord of grief continues. That is not life.

Then the man, the maid, turn to other hearts, other lives and find in them also that grieving note.

This note of grief is not confined merely to the "pangs of disprized love." But comes in various ways and under various disguises.

Let us not think that we find only grief, for there are many swelling notes of joy which ring in many hearts.

It is this blending of joy and grief which makes the problem that puzzles the world.

We seldom stop to ponder over the thought when we have and see joy alone—it is when the opposite is there that we pause to meditate.

Then we find that life is bound up in the hearts around us—each one with its peculiar care, and each one like the child seeking to solve the question.

If the sun were always shining,
If night and rainy days were done,
Then every growing thing were pining
For rest, and cooling, living water.

THE FACULTY MEETING

Mr. Metz—"Ladies and gentleman (with a profound bow) we are met here to discuss the pros and cons of this vexatious problem confronting us—whether the lives (intellectual lives) of the bright and glittering array of our subjects be extended through the year or not, and also to discuss other matters of minor importance, for in—"

Miss Strawn—"Don't use so many words I pray thee ' Don't keep us suspended in suspense '" .

Miss Tompkins—"Yes, please be brief."

Mr. Reynolds—(Keeps silence quietly.)

Mr. Metz—"Miss Tompkins have you any plea to advance which will save the lives of your Cicero class?"

Miss Tompkins—"Their lives have been in their own keeping some time. I have made my pleas to them long ago."

Mr. Metz—"Miss Strawn, are you fearing that any of your classes will sink below the tide."

Miss Strawn—"They are certainly drifting with the tide, whether they go under or not depends on the last stroke.'

Mr. Metz—"Mr. Reynolds, have you any reason to fear that the fellows who threw the organ out are in danger of losing their mental poise during these warm days?"

Mr. Reynolds—(Calmly) "Their mental poise was slightly bending, I fear, before these days."

Miss Strawn—"O, well, as long as they don't know it, they will have no excuse for becoming violent."

Miss Tompkins—"Mr. Metz and fellow teachers, what is the remedy for too bright, too ripe pupils? I have a few who are entirely too bright for their class mates and who I fear need some kind of an iron band around their proud brows to keep the ever-growing gray matter from inadvertently protruding. At this period of their lives, as they are rather tender although they don't realize it, I rather fear for them.

Mr. Metz—"May I inquire who the brilliants are?"

Miss T.—"Now there is———"

Miss S.—"O, well—we know perfectly to whom you refer. I meet them too and they have certainly serious cases. I have a recipe however which I have found effective."

Miss T.—(With pencil and paper) "Please may I use it."

Miss S.—"You may. Two ounces of cool superiority thoroughly mixed with an ounce and one half of tepid indifference, three ounces of superlatively warm sarcasm, to be garnished with four ounces of good hard work. This to be applied daily to the aforementioned gray matter of patient. Anoint while warm and let cool.

Miss T.—"I've been giving the work in larger doses, however, but it doesn't seem to be absorbed, perhaps the other medicinals may have a beneficial effect."

Mr. Skinner (looking in at door)—"I beg your pardon, but will you please come up stairs? The Latin ponies are out in the hall kicking the plastering off the walls."

NOTE—As there were such a few among the Sophomore class, the staff has contributed some work to this number of the student.

—◆—

A heavy shadow hovers over the study room from 10:30 to 11:15.

Rev. Bast gave the second one of his series of lectures on May 11th. His subject was "The Opportunities of the Lawyer." The subject of the next one will be "The Opportunities of the Doctor."

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New buildings! O may our hopes not be in vain.

—✦—

It will not be very long now until we will be free from school. Will we be glad? Should we be glad? Of course in a way we will be glad to see the vacation period come. We will enjoy a rest, but yet can we say we have not enjoyed school this year? If not why not? Everyone ought to be able to answer yes or no definitely to that question in his own mind. What is the reason you have enjoyed school or haven't this year? Do you feel like piling every bit of the blame off onto some one else, if you haven't? Do we ever stop awhile and think that our real enjoyment, wherever we may find ourselves, comes largely through our own efforts to make it so? "Life is What we Make it," is much hackneyed but it will do to remember as we go along, and it may be very fittingly applied to school life.

—✦—

What are our associations doing if they do not help to develop the spirit of good fellowship among their members? How near can any association expect to come to accomplishing its purpose if those forces are not set to work which really benefit the members of the association? Upon whom does the responsibility of setting to work those beneficial forces which are so necessary to establishing and strengthening the christian character? In truth it rests upon every member, but it is usually the case that one or two must shoulder the burden of it all and be strong enough to bear it through to the end. It seems to be universally true that humanity naturally seeks leaders, and in cases where this should not be, where all should have an equal part to bear, and then he or she seeing to it that that part is carried through to the best of his or her ability, it is unfortunate that this tendency to shift the burden upon some one else, is humored. To be an officer of any of our christian organizations should be taken as an especial opportunity to do one's very best. Since there will always be the opportunity to lead it must necessarily follow that this will always be

true. Yet the president of an association, for instance, should really not have the interests of the work at heart any more than the other members should have. In fact the whole thing sums up in one word and that word is co-operation.

—♦—

Earnestness is one of the best words that is applicable to school life. In a certain book on rhetoric is given a method of exposition, by which we explain what something is by telling what it is not. It may be that earnestness can be well explained in this way. Sometimes our lessons have been bad because we were not in earnest enough about them. This is a very simple and commonplace illustration but it nevertheless is oftentimes a key to one's character. Mix earnestness with school life, mix earnestness with social life, mix earnestness with home life, and earnestness mixed with spiritual life which really includes all the different phases of life and you will find it blends perfectly. Some of us may be in doubt about whether we will come back to school next year or not. That is a state of mind that ought not be allowed. Be determined concerning your school work. It will pay you to do so. The value of a determination in ones school work has never been, can never be, and will never be estimated in dollars and cents. If you have the means and opportunity and feel that you need more of an education put it down now that you will be here next year. Don't listen to every flying report you hear against school that has no weight to it. You can hear everything most if you want to listen. Come back and be a factor in the school. After all the very best schools of the land can have no more than we can—earnest students. Under the aid and guidance of earnest teachers our standards can be lifted as high if we will but raise them.

Y. W. C. A.

The young Women's Christian Association was visited by their state secretary, Miss Addams. She gave us such an inspiration.

All the new officers have taken their places and the work is going on fine.

Mrs. Frank B. Hines gave the girls a thrilling and inspiring talk on "After College, What? The answer was college ministry to the world.

The girls' mission class holds its regular meeting on Tuesday. Miss Strawn is our leader. We have very fine meetings and it is very interesting. We want all the girls to come out and hear about "The Advance in the Antilles."

The last devotional meeting of April was led by Miss Ora Gill, topic, "Pull together." There were a good many girls out and we had a very interesting meeting.

One of the great events of K. K. in April was the indoor meet. All the girls that went certainly had a jolly time. The cabinet held its regular business meeting last Monday afternoon with Miss Maude Boudinot.

At a special Y. W. C. A. meeting we elected our Geneva and Carbondale delegates. Miss Grace Rich is to be our delegate to Geneva next fall. As she is planning to take the Junior college course here, we believe the association will have plenty of time to be greatly benefited by the information and inspiration that she will bring back.

Miss Ruth Clark and Miss Carrie Reynolds were chosen to attend the cabinet conference at Carbondale, Illinois, in May.

LOCAL

Boudinot, M.—"Good grows with her."

Brandon, E.—A good lad and a great scholar.'

Bunting, M.—"She who means no mischief does it all."

Bunting, L—"I want to be a duddie,
And with the duddies stand,
A cuff beneath my necktie,
And a cane within my hand."

Campbell, M.—"Lean enough to be thought a good student."

Cash, E.—"More to know did never meddle with my thoughts."

Chalcraft, L.—"Silence gives consent."

Clark, R.—"What she lacks in quantity she makes up in quality."

Cochran, F.—"Not old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy."

Curdling, E.—"Every fair maid should have a guardian."

Harte, R.—"Had it been better otherwise, would have made her so."

Hill, L.—"I desire that we be better strangers."

Hocking, C.—"To make him grin
would be a sin,
Just look at him and see him grin."

Hortin, C.—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder, I hope."

Inskeep, J.—"A little timid, but straight forward and upright."

Inskeep, T.—"Little things become a little person."

Kimball, H.—"A full grown man."

McKibben, A.—"All that in woman is adored, in thy fair self I find."

Reynolds, C.—"I love its giddy gurgle,
I love its fluent flow,
I love to wind my mouth up,
I love to hear it go."

Shellhorn, B.—"I hear a hollow sound. Who rapped my skull?"

Skinner, L.—"Blow, blow, blow."

Spiller, F.—"She changes her heart as easily as she does her gloves."

Strawn, B.—"Do you know a young and beautiful woman, who is not willing to flirt just a little?"

Tompkins, H.—"A jolly hello and a merry smile for everybody."

Stewart, F—"Here comes a girl. Watch me run!"

Walton, A—"Pride cometh before a fall."

Walton, J.—"The first sigh of love is the last sigh of wisdom."

White, D.—"Sentimentally, I am disposed to music."

The Rev. Mr. McWorthy of Mt. Carmel, while in Albion attending Presbytery, gave our school a very pleasant call and spoke to us during chapel hour. We wish he would come again.

Do you wonder that excitement reigned in the S. C. I. on the 2nd? Can you blame us if the chapel period was a little longer than usual and lessons not quite so good? For then, after the long uncertainty, the piano came to us from the contest at Spiller's store. It is certainly worth any amount of work and lends a great deal to the appearance of the chapel room. We wish to thank all of our friends, who by their votes, have helped to send the piano this way.

A few mornings ago we had some visitors in chapel, a gentleman and two ladies. The two ladies sat in the audience and the gentleman was given a seat on the platform. After a few minutes had elapsed in order to allow the visitors to settle themselves to their surroundings, "Dr." Metz very formally introduced the gentleman to each member of the faculty and then bade the visitor to be seated again—at which those dignified seniors felt very much slighted.

Miss Tompkins—"What is that noise out in the hall?"

L. B.—"That's just my Cicero pony broken loose."

Mises Ruth Clark and Carrie Reynolds went as delegates to the Y. W. C. A. cabinet conference at Carbondale May 5th and 6th.

Y. M. C. A.

Last month, (April), marked the first month of the new year of the Y. M. C. A. Everything bids fair for a full year's work under the new management. The new cabinet is as follows: James Walton, Pres.; Lloyd D. Bunting, Vice Pres.; Ernest Baker, Sec.; Roy W. Harte, Treas.; Frank Cochran, Chairman of Bible Committee; Hiram C. Lewis, Chairman of Social Committee; Albert Gray, Chairman of Missions Committee; Prof. O. E. Reynolds, Faculty Advisory Member.

On April 13th our president gave us one of the best treats the Y. M. C. A. has had this year, a full report of the Y. M. C. A. Presidents' Conference held at Lincoln, Illinois. Many good things that go so far toward carrying out the work of the association were brought out. It is only too unfortunate that more delegates are not present at such assemblies as these in order that they may bring back to us a full share of enthusiasm and true spirit of the Young Men's Christian Association. Let us all feel it a duty which we owe, not only to ourselves as men but also to the cause of Christ, that when we have the opportunity and means to attend conventions of this kind, we should by all means go; for things of true spiritual value are brought there, things which go to the upbuilding, uplifting, and revisionizing life. The following is an outline report showing the subjects and speakers of the conference held at Lincoln, Illinois, April 6-9, 1911.

Thursday

Address of Welcome .....
.....Williams, Oberlin '90.

Friday forenoon

College Out-Put ..... Williams.
What the Y. M. C. A. is doing and Should Do. .... Bickham, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa
"Bible Study"—Harrison S. Elliott, International Bible Study Chairman.

Friday afternoon

"Self Mastery" ..... Williams
"Cabinet Committees" .. Bickham
"Bible Study"—Harrison S. Elliott.

Friday evening

"Social Work" ..... McKnight, University of Illinois.
"Functions of College Education"—"Dad" Elliott, Chairman of Extension Work, Kankakee, Ill.

Saturday

"Enlisting Students"— Bickham
Literature Necessary in the Y. M. C. A." ....Turner
"Religious Meetings"—H. S. Elliott.
"Using Your State Secretary" .... "Dad" Elliott.

Sunday morning

"Evangelistic Campaigns by the Y. M. C. A." .... "Dad" Elliott

Sunday evening

"Farewell Address" .. "Dad Elliott

One of the very first meetings of the new year was one in which the topic "Leadership" was discussed. This was a very appropriate topic and the meeting was led and the topis discussed mainly by the new cabinet members, many others joining in with helpful remarks. It is the meeting in which good preparation has been made on the topic beforehand, and then all taking part that makes the work not only pleasant but also will insure a live meeting each week. Whether you are on the program or not if you have some good thought on the subject bring it to Y. M. and tell it to us there, and you will find its good will be reciprocal.

Another treat that came to us this month was that of having Rev. Bast with us with the subject of missions as his theme. We are always glad to see Mr. Bast come for he always has something helpful to say to us. He always speaks with enthusiasm, and as one of the members put it, "his enthusiasm is of an infectious kind." Mr. Bast being ayoung man himself and possessing a deep inter-

est in his chosen work, knows how to come among us sympathizing, encouraging and helping wherever he sees the need of it. It might be well to state here that Mr. Bast has an office now at the church and his hours are from ten to twelve each day. He would be glad to have any student call on him and talk over with him any subject on which any one may desire help and advice, for he is anxious to come into closer touch with the young people of the student body and, he states himself, it is his business to help people, he will only be glad to help you. You will find him brimful of enthusiasm and you cannot talk with him without being benefited.

It has been one of the plans of the Y. M. C. A. this year as well as last year, to conduct services at some of the local churches of the neighboring communities. This plan is soon to be carried out again. The Y. M. C. A. intends to conduct a short series of services at Browns, Illinois, about May 12-14. This is in accordance with a plan of the extension work of the association. The last work of this kind done by the association was at Bone Gap, Illinois, last Thanksgiving.

BIBLE MENTION

Our Bible Study Class continues with its usual steadiness. The attendance holds its own in the way of numbers and we believe that Mr. Reynolds is leading us straight through one of the most successful year's of Bible study work as has ever been conducted by this association. While we cannot find fault with our attendance, yet it would make us all feel a great deal better if more were getting the benefits of our Bible work. The work will soon be brought to a close for this year as we have (at the time of writing) only three more lessons on the life of that great servant of Christ, Saint Paul. It is especially urged upon the cabinet members to be present and take some active part in the various meetings of the association for by so doing we are able to get a better idea and understanding of how the work ought to be carried out.

THE TOWN OF MAIDEN

(Continued from page 120)

have if you hadn't spoiled it. I thought you were going on the five-thirty," she stormed.

"Yes, I intended to do so, but I missed the train."

Just then we heard steps following us.

"Oh what shall I do?" cried Jule. "If I'm caught I'll be disgraced and expelled from the town."

"Trust it to me," I bravely answered. "You sneak home and change your clothes, then go to the circus and act as though you had been there all evening. "I'll attend to these women."

Jule murmured her thanks and disappeared at once and I faced the pursuers alone. They hadn't seen me at the circus, so I didn't have hard work convincing them that I was the only man there. They gave me the sharp end of their tongues and an hour to leave town.

I left alright, but I sent a letter to Jule the next day, and in a few days she took lunch with me in the city, and in two months I had the nerve to go to Maiden and carry her away for good. But there! I've talked too long, and I'm sure that child is crying for his daddie."

"What child?" asked Mr. Kettlestrings.

"Fred, Jr., my young hopeful. He is in the next car, with his mother, the little ticket agent." And with a parting handshake Mr. Goodniville was gone.

EARNEST R. BAKER

A few years ago, a boy about sixteen years old attempted to "hop" a moving freight train. His hold gave way and he fell, and a disastrous fall it was for him; the merciless wheels caught him and took off both feet. Since that unfortunate day he has been walking about, (fortunate indeed for him that he has been permitted to walk at all), on artificial feet. Everyone in school knows Earnest Baker. He has been a student in the S. C. I. for the past three or four years and has been doing satisfactory work in school. His parents are not any too well-to-do people and it may be truly said that his school life at the S. C. I. has been an unusual blessing upon Mr. Baker. By having taken advantage of this opportunity he has been wonderfully helped.

But it sometimes seems that some lives are made to be unfortunate and so it seems with Baker. He had been complaining of a dimness of vision in one of his eyes and complained of being unable to study on that account, yet no doubt he thought it nothing serious and that it would get better soon, for it seems that he naturally possesses a hopeful disposition. But it appears that the trouble with his eyes did not get any better but grew worse instead, and finally becoming alarmed he visited an oculist at Mt. Vernon, Ill. A few mornings ago the students were shocked to hear a letter read in chapel by Mr. Hines from Mr. Baker's oculist stating that he was just on the verge of total blindness and giving little hope for his recovery. He further stated that if Mr. Baker could go to St. Louis, that he could secure a free examination of his case for him. Knowing Mr. Baker's circumstances, the students of the S C. I. almost in a body came forward and made an appreciable contribution toward helping pay his expenses to and from St. Louis. Up to this time we have not heard anything definite concerning his condition but it is hoped by everyone that his case is not a hopeless one.

The play has come and gone, but not forgotten we hope. We have noticed that moves made in this direction by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. meet with general approval and encouragement. We know that these plays given each year are given for a worthy purpose, which is as it should be a stimulus for the bringing out and developing of the best talent of those who give the plays. It is hoped that the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. will take the same decisive step to this end again in the future and that the cast of the play for next year will come forward with the usual loyalty and enthusiasm.

—✦—

Mr. K. (in spelling)—"What is the definition of the word delicate?"

Mr. M.—"A vessel in which drugs, etc., are crushed."

Where the lessons are the longest,
And the exams are the hardest,
Where there's call to work the more,
That's the way for a Sophomore.

—✦—

Miss Nellie McCollum of Ellery, a former student of the S. C. I., visited us Thursday morning while in Albion.

—✦—

With tables and rules we are laboring still;
What the textbook can't think of the teacher will.

—✦—

The wise and active conquer difficulties by daring to attempt them; sloth and folly shiver and shrink at sight of toil and danger, and make the impossibility they fear.—Rowe.

Alumni and Ex-Students

Golby Epler is a traveling salesman for a St. Louis book and paper concern. He has a territory in the state of Texas assigned him and is making a success in his line.

Ray Michels has been employed by the mail department as carrier between Browns and Albion. He expects to open a harness repair shop in Browns and devote his spare time to that work.

Jesse Severns, who was assistant principal of the West Salem schools, left for Washington state at the close of his term of school. He expects to make his home in the west, hoping the climate will improve his health.

Clarence Mounts, a student in 1908 and 1909, is a guard in the Illinois state penitentiary at Chester. He receives a salary of $60 a month and all expenses.

Mr. Robert Schrodt and Miss Lucy Dinnel, both at one time students of the S. C. I., were married on the 26th of April at the home of the bride in Wabash county.

Bert Horton suffered a serious accident while working at the brick plant at Albion on the 2nd of May. He was trying to remove some troublesome matter from the cogs in the brick machine and allowed his fingers to come in contact with them. He lost all but one finger on the hand as a result. The fact that he is a young man makes it all the more deplorable.

Mr. Charles Scott is now beginning his second term of office in the state legislature. His vote has always been on the right side of all questions.

Mr. Henry Walker writes from Colorado that he is pleased with the west. Mr. Walker has some valuable land that has been reclaimed by one of the irrigation projects.

Mr. Charles Miller is located in Chicago, where he is connected with an old and established law firm.

Dr. Ben Parmenter was recently married to Miss Ethel Brumfield of Bellmont. Dr. Parmenter is located at Bellmont, where he has a good practice.

Mr. Robert Barber is located here permanently, where he manages his farm.

Mr. Granville Rigg, who lives at Golden Gate, Ill., is employed as a salesman for a St. Louis supply house. He has a section of Southern Illinois as his field.

Mr. Harry Dewhirst is practicing law at Olney, Illinois. He is editor of the Olney Times.

Mr. Thomas Gawthorp has recently been employed as assistant principal of the West Salem schools.

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